

THE NEW NORTH

VOLUME 14, NO. 38.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1896.

Love is the key-
tone of a woman's
life. Her fondest
dreams rest upon this
single emotion; her
highest pride is in her
capacity to awaken
the love which makes
her happy wife; her
obstinate ambition is to
become a lovely and
winning mother.



Any weakness or
disease which in-
capacitates her to fulfill
the exalted function
of motherhood is the
saddest blight which
can come upon a woman's
life.

But there is no reason
in nature why any
inconveniences or de-
rangements of this kind should continue to
exist. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they
are completely overcome in a perfectly
natural and scientific way by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which gives
healthy power and capacity to the special
organs; reinforces the nerve-centres and
makes natural, healthy motherhood possi-
ble, safe and comparatively easy.

It makes the coming of baby almost free
from pain; gives strength and cheerfulness
to the mother, and constitutional vigor to
the child. It is the only medicine in the
world devised for this one purpose by an
educated physician, a skilled and experi-
enced specialist in this particular field of
practice.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription, as it has done me a world
of good, and has, undoubtedly saved my life,"
writes Mrs. Florence Hooper, of Corley, Iowa.
"I miscarried four times, could get no
medicine to do me any good. I concluded to try
the 'Favorite Prescription,' and after taking
several bottles of it I made a marvelous recovery
of a girl. I think it is the best medicine in
the world."

Willis, another woodsman. Then
circling around before the crowd in
the saloon where the bet was made
he said: "Willis, I will make another
bet. If McKinley is elected I will
hang myself on that railroad crossing
sign," pointing out of the window at
the signboard next to the St. Paul
tracks, "if you will agree to do the
same if Bryan is elected."

The Greatest Sacrifice CLEARING SALE! OF THE SEASON.

We must have money to meet our urgent demands. We have goods. They must be turned into cash at once.

\$20,000

worth of goods to be sacrificed in your favor. Sale commences now. Be on hand to get some of the first Choice Bargains. Everything in our store comes under the hammer of cut prices. Wild excitement will reign while this sale lasts. While you are reading this ad. your neighbor will be on the way to this mammoth, unparalleled

Sale of High Grade Goods

at mid-winter prices. Dry Goods, Cloaks, Notions, Shoes, Carpets and Underwear. Everything that we own must be sold for Cash, as that is what we must have.

GRUSOE'S BARGAIN DEPARTMENT STORE.
New Bank Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

And still we lead all competition.
BEERS & CO.

Paul Browne spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents at Wau-paca.

Holding old and getting new customers is what goods and prices are doing for Beers & Co.

An elegant line of stamped linens and embroidery silks at the Cash Department Store.

Election is over but you can hear 16 to 1 talked on the streets—16 applicants for 1 postoffice.

W. H. Hamilton has returned from Chicago and Michigan points where he has been for some time.

A. J. Markham, of Winneconne, is visiting his daughters, Mrs. E. G. Squier and Miss Lizzie Markham, here this week.

The young ladies of the Episcopal church are arranging to give a dance at the New Grand Opera House about Nov. 20.

The Town Clerk's report from the Town of Pelican places the total valuation of all property in the town at \$220,022.25.

The largest, the finest and cheapest line of goods ever shown in Rhinelander, at the Chicago Clothing Store of Beers & Co.

John Barnes was in Madison the first of the week arguing the Day vs. Town of Pelican tax case before the supreme court.

J. Y. Potter came up from Chicago last week for a brief visit. He reports making good progress with his studies in medicine there.

Startling! Sure but true that two thirds the corset wearers today are wearing the Henderson corset.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.
Editor Pierce, of Friendship, Adams County, made this office a pleasant call Monday. Mr. Pierce is the guest of I. N. Tuttle during his visit here.

Fred Gaymen, of the Sixth Ward, moved his family and household goods to Antigo yesterday where he has a situation in one of the factories.

Ladies who have tried them all acknowledge the Henderson corset to be the best.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.
C. C. Bronson & Co. have moved their stock of goods one door west of the old location. The new building is much more roomy and much better answers the wants of the firm.

A. C. Danielson left for Chicago Monday night where he will make extensive purchases of winter woollens and furnishing goods for the tailoring establishment of Danielson & Lange, 223 Brown St.

S. Kelley is locating two camps this week, one at Twin Lake and the other west of McDonalds in the Town of Pelican. He will log upwards of a million feet at each point and in addition will put in one thousand cords of spruce.

The Sanitary Construction Co., of Green Bay, have been awarded the contract for putting in a complete system of plumbing for the U. S. government in the buildings on the Onondaga Indian reservation. J. E. Jackson and E. F. Longton, formerly of this city, and G. F. Recke, of Green Bay, constitute the above company.

A staff of skilled Oculists—Opticians of the Wisconsin Optical and Ophthalmic Institute, of Oshkosh, will make regular visits here to demonstrate that these eminent specialists can cure nervous diseases, eye diseases and fit glasses in the most complicated cases of distorted and defective vision. They will make examinations and render medical services free to all those calling at Rapids House on Nov. 18, 19, 20 and 21.

Rosa Bonheur leads the life of a recluse in her chateau in the depths of the Forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris. She secludes herself from all, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal succeeded in getting a proposition before her that she should write her autobiography for that magazine. After nearly a year's effort they were successful, and once started on her work the great painter found so much interest in it that she made over a dozen special studies and pictures of animals to accompany the text. The autobiographical article, with the valuable unpublished drawings, will appear in the Christmas Journal, together with portraits of Rosa Bonheur as she works in her studio and home.

Prices prove our power with the public. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Read the bargains that Irvin Gray offers you in the New North this week.

If you ever think of underwear, think also of the Cash Department Store.

S. S. Miller was before the supreme court Monday and Tuesday at Madison.

The Baptist ladies will hold a Talent Exposition the first week in December.

It will pay you to look over Gray's ad. The best prices ever put on linens are quoted there.

There has been more commercial men in our city the last week than in any month in the past six.

It's nothing strange that Beers & Co. should be doing a grand business these days. Their prices talk.

Desire and read Gray's ad. It will post you on prices for the linen sale which begins Monday, Nov. 18.

Chairman Yawkey, of Hazelhurst, was in the city attending the county board meeting Tuesday and Wednesday.

The ground is covered with over a foot of snow which has fallen since Sunday. Sledding is first-class and a wagon looks very much out of place.

This office takes wood on subscription when it can get it. We have lots of room for it, so don't be afraid of making the proprietors mad by bringing in a load and paying up your subscription.

Thomas L. Cleary, assistant U. S. District Attorney and a deputy U. S. Marshall from Madison were here yesterday with two men charged with selling liquor to the Indians on the Flambeau reservation.

There will be a chicken pie supper and speech in the interest of the Home Forum Benefit Order, at the Baptist church next Saturday evening. Supper from 6 to 8, speech afterward. Supper 25 cents, speech free.

The morning text next Sunday at the Baptist church will be "How long halt ye between two opinions? If God be God serve Him." The evening subject, "The shaken jail, unshackled prisoners, almost a suicide, a jailer made over new."

The last Grand Excursion for 1896, via the "Soo Line" to Minneapolis or St. Paul and return at round trip rate of \$5.00. Tickets on sale Nov. 20 and 21, limited to continuous train passage in each direction, final limit of Monday, Nov. 25. For printed list of splendid attractions see the advertising bills. C. M. CHAMBERS.

The Christian Endeavor exercises at the Congregational church last Sunday evening were well attended and were very interesting. The exercises opened with verses and song by six little girls of the Junior order. Miss Mable Chambers followed with an interesting paper on the foreign missionary field. Miss Austin read a letter from Flora M. Goldman who is teaching the word of Christ to the Chinese. Little Bessie LaPres closed the meeting by reciting offertory verses which pleased everyone.

The Jollification Monday night in honor of the return of good times was a success and was participated in by a large number, many taking part from surrounding towns. The night was a bad one for an affair of the kind, the streets being in bad shape for marching, but for all that every torch was in use and in the line of march men walked four and five abreast. The parade covered the principal streets, starting from the Northwestern depot and winding up at the opera house where an excellent view of the fireworks was obtainable. The opera house was filled with an appreciative audience that vociferously applauded every utterance of the speakers. Among those who made remarks were Judge McCormick, Rev. Rosander, E. B. Crofoot, Rev. Geo. Cressey, Rev. S. A. Sheard and C. M. Chambers. They touched upon the great victory won, the immediate impetus given industries all over the country, the fact that gold was no longer the scarce article it was two weeks ago and cited the important fact that right here in Rhinelander loggers were waiting for men to fill positions in their camps. After the speeches the seats were removed and the hall cleared for dancing, which was indulged in until a late hour, no charge being made. Everyone enjoyed the occasion.

Chas. McIndoe is confined to his bed by illness.

George Whitney was down from Hazelhurst yesterday.

Mrs. Web. Brown left for Chicago Sunday night for a brief visit.

F. J. Vine, Indian agent at the Flambeau reservation, was here yesterday.

Mrs. E. H. Washburn left yesterday for Oshkosh to visit her daughter, Mrs. Bert Jenkinson.

I. P. Batten, of Wausau, a representative of the Standard Oil Co., was here on business yesterday.

Mrs. G. Burke and two children, of Butte, Montana, stopped over here last Monday on their way to Antigo.

W. H. Chapman and wife, of Tonalaw Lake, were present at the Republican Jollification here Monday night.

P. S. Campbell, of Three Lakes, was in the city Monday. He came over to shout his approval of McKinley's election.

A. G. Hunter, superintendent of the box factory, who has been spending several weeks out west, returned last week.

Mrs. E. M. Kemp and daughter Francis left for Wabash, Ind., last week where they will remain until after the holidays.

I. N. Griswold, general traffic agent of the Lehigh & Wabash Dispatch fast freight line, was here looking after patronage yesterday.

Fred Barnes is employed as salesman at the Cash Department Store, the increased volume of business there making an extra man necessary.

Today, at Madison, occurs the wedding of Miss Caroline Upham, youngest daughter of Gov. and Mrs. Upham, and Mr. Phil. Sawyer, grandson of Hon. Philletus Sawyer, of Oshkosh.

I offer my residence and Electric Lighting Plant for sale cheap if taken by Dec. 1, 1896. If not sold by that date I will make some necessary changes in the plant.

C. FAUST.
Dated Rhinelander Nov. 12, '96.

The County Board is in session this week. Settlement was made with Chas. Woodcock, county treasurer, P. M. Mason, superintendent of schools, Fred Pekari, register of deeds and E. C. Sturdevant, clerk of the court.

The Colby and Tilden Iron mines at Bessemer, Mich., are being put in working order after a year of idleness, which threw over 1,000 men out of employment. It is expected that the mines will begin operations next week, and hundreds of iron workers are eagerly awaiting the event. Evidence of the return of confidence in this section are plainly to be seen. The cry of the laborer worthy of his hire, but out of employment, is no longer heard, and in its stead comes the offer of the employer to the workmen. The latter is far more pleasing to the ear of the people.

The bath room annex of the Globe Barber Shop, one door south of Spafford & Cole's store, is now in first-class shape for patronage, and all men who believe in the maxim that cleanliness is next to Godliness will do well to call and understand the full meaning of text. Turkish, Roman, alcohol, steam, sea salt and vapor baths can be enjoyed at a nominal price. The equipment for giving these baths is perfect, and Chas. Clifford, manager, guarantees satisfaction. The fact that one may enjoy a Turkish bath here in Rhinelander is a matter for congratulation.

Lewis McBride, of Hazelhurst, who has been one of that bustling little burg's head men almost since the town's name was put on the map, has severed his connection with the Yawkey Lumber Company's hotel at that place and will go into the hotel business for himself at Monmouth, Illinois, a city of ten thousand inhabitants. Lew is a man of worth to any community and will be missed from his old haunts in this section by the men who know him for what he is. He is a loyal Republican and has labored faithfully for the success of his party at all times. Although repeatedly tendered office in the county his name never appeared on the ticket. Mr. McBride has purchased an elegant three-story brick building at Monmouth, furnished and fully equipped for the uses it will be put to. His many friends here wish him unbounded success.

The two shook hands and agreed on Monday as the date for the hanging. McKinley was elected, and Horrikan swore that he would keep his bet. Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock the citizens of Pembine expected to see the hanging. They all kept in doors, but heads everywhere could be seen at the windows. Nobody in Pembine would have stopped it, but Supervisor Badling heard about it and arrived with deputies to prevent the crime. He kept a close watch of the railroad sign until Monday night. Horrikan wanted to keep his wager, but could not. He said Monday night, when his friends jeered him, that he would hang himself before the week was out, and Deputy Sheriff Johnson, of Pembine, who arrived here today to attend a meeting of the county board, said that he thought the man would commit suicide, as he agreed and a close watch on him is being kept.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Cheap Excursions to the West and South.
On November 17, December 1 and 15, 1896, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the west and south at very low rates. For tickets and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway. St-n12-96

Thanksgiving Proclamation.
Monday Gov. Upham issued his Thanksgiving proclamation. It is as follows:
Following an honored custom and in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States, I, William H. Upham, governor of the state of Wisconsin, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1896, as a day of public thanksgiving.

Notwithstanding the general industrial depression which has prevailed in the country, we have been favored with unprecedented crops and a marked freedom from calamities, and the year is closing with the promise of a high degree of prosperity in all departments of industry. It is fitting, therefore that a day be set apart in which all of the people of this state may join either in their homes or in public places of worship to render thanks and humble acknowledgment to us these many blessings.

Everyone Will Go
To the Twin Cities and return at the very cheap rates offered by the Soo Line Nov. 19, 20 and 21. The cheap rates are made just at this time so everybody can take advantage of them. Do not miss it. For particulars and printed list of all attractions ask nearest Soo Line agent.

Twin Cities and Return—Cheap.
From all Soo Line stations very cheap rates will be in effect Nov. 19, 20 and 21. Do not miss this chance of the season. Call on nearest Soo Line agent for particulars and printed list of attractions.

Very Cheap Excursion
To the Twin Cities via Soo Line from stations in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and North Dakota, Nov. 19, 20 and 21. For full particulars and list of attractions, ask nearest Soo Line agent.

THE STORY TELLER

It was not the only capture, by any means, I had witnessed this astute officer make, and the despairing faces of the men, robbed of the last hope of escape, the shadow of the criminal's call already upon them, came into my mind as we rushed past Wilkesden, and looking backward for a moment through the fitful light, I saw the fateful piece of paper flutter from the detective's hand.

The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously intervened, the man was doomed. To leave the train as it flew through the night at the rate of 50 miles an hour was impossible. One man had done so once, but his body was found, mangled beyond recognition, lying on the track in the morning. There was no escape; and with such passing thoughts I dismissed the matter and concentrated my attention on the work in hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate. "Look, Ben," he shouted, his eyes staring out from his head, as he gazed into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze, "the fool will kill himself!"

I turned, and though I prided myself on my steady nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back, and made me lean against the brake for support.

The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage, and was endeavoring to work his way in face of the terrible back draught toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces in the lines, but with the tenacity of a leech he clung to the handle of the door, while he leaned forward to grasp some support. Suddenly a distant murmur turned our terrified ears. My mate turned, his face as white as milk, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"Merciful powers!" he screamed, in a harsh, discordant voice, "the 'up' mail! Heaven have mercy on him!" and he hid his face with his hands, as with a deafening shriek we flew toward each other and crashed past in the darkness, but above the din I fancied I heard the wild scream of terror as the wretched man realized his peril. It was a full minute before I could turn my throbbing head to look behind.

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered through the gloom. "Thank God!" I ejaculated, fervently, as the blood rushed through my veins once more. There, with his body pressed flat against the oscillating surface, still stood the man who had been so near to an awful death. Slowly he moved his head in our direction, and with an expression of grim resolution he pulled himself together. With bated breath we wondered what he would do next. As far as we could see his way was stopped, but, undeterred, he steadied himself, and, reaching forward, felt round the corner of the coach.

Unexpectedly his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and, though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lips in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose as he clutched it, and with a despairing effort pulled himself to the end of the footboard and round into comparative safety on to the couplings between the tender and the coach.

"By Jove!" Bill exclaimed, when, at last, the tension removed from his nerves, he could speak. "He's a good plucked 'un, and no mistake; but what's his game, I wonder?"

"The madman is coming on to the engine," I burst out, excitedly, divining his intention as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," he returned, and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him presently stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost superhuman effort on to the tender, where he sank down utterly exhausted.

Coming forward, my mate threw open the stove hole with the intention of replenishing the fire, and the ruddy glow from the raging furnace within lit up the tender from end to end.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, as my gaze met the haggard face of the rescued delinquent. "Ernest Deval!" and my nerveless hand fell from the polished lever.

"Ben!" he gasped, wondering, his wild eyes encountering mine, as he struggled toward us.

My lips refused to frame the questions that tumultuously arose to them, and my mate silently handed me his can.

"Take a drink," he said, curtly, "and pull yourself together." I complied readily. The cool draught brought me around somewhat, and I resumed control of the engine.

"Now, Mr. Deval," I shouted, hotly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing to-night; but let me tell you, if you think you're furthering your chances of escape, you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, "you haven't done a lot for yourself by coming here."

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WOMAN AND HOME.

THE SUNSHINY WOMAN.

It is Always Welcomed and Blessed as the Flowers in May.

When we come to count over the qualities that endear our friends to us, almost all of us think first of cheerfulness, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune. Sunshiny men or women, who bring a bright thought or word or even a glad smile with them, are always welcome as the first flowers in May. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, each soul has its own troubles and trials and vexations, and so we turn to the one who can lighten our sadness with the radiance of a cheerful spirit.

Sunshine of the soul is largely a matter of cultivation, for there are few so fortunate as not to have some grief. The selfish sit down and brood over their sorrows. They give themselves up to fits of despondency and moodiness, and are a kind of moral wet blanket on the pleasure of all with whom they come in contact. They tell you their sorrows and bedew you with their tears until it seems there must be a kind of luxury of woe in which they rejoice.

After all, the cheerful spirit is but an example of "that brave attitude toward life" of which Stevenson wrote. It is the courageous bearing of inevitable burdens; a determination not to fret and not to add to the sorrows of the world the griefs of one's own heart.

A woman who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

This gospel of happiness is one that every woman should lay to heart. What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous it is an added joy, but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

The mother who lets her children grow up to be moody and discontented, subject to blues and sulks, is failing in her first duty. She is handicapping them in the race of life. Cheerfulness is one of the prime requisites to success and happiness. The sunshiny man or woman has everyone for a friend, for this sad old earth must borrow its mirth; it has sorrows enough of its own.

Interline the white satin also, and to the very center of it sew a forget-me-not flower pin cushion.

In recalling some of the pretty and tasteful knick-knacks seen, the flower pin cushion appears an elaborate affair, by no means difficult to copy. The materials required are two dozen sprays of artificial forget-me-nots, two circles of stiff cardboard six inches across, and some gray silk with which to cover them; one circle of cardboard 4 1/2 inches across; also some tiny gilt spangles and three-quarters of a yard of narrow tinsel fringe. First cover the two large cards, each with gray silk, interlined, if the silk is poor in quality, with muslin.

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FLOWERS FOR FOOD.

Dandelions and Nasturtiums Make Very Dainty Salads.

There is nothing new in the use of flowers as edibles, they are eaten variously in various parts of the world, and in many cases form a really important article of food. In India, for instance, the blassia tree blossoms are held in high esteem, in spite of their sweet and sickly taste, while the flower buds of capparid spinosa, a plant which grows on walls, etc., in the south of Europe, are pickled in vinegar in Italy and form what are commonly known as capers. The ordinary clover of commerce, familiar to all housewives, are the unexpanded buds of a small evergreen, cultivated in several parts of the East and West Indies.

In our own United States many a humble cook has discovered the value of the green dandelion as a vegetable. The first shoots only are fit for food. Later they become bitter and stringy. Cut off the roots, pick them very carefully and wash well in several waters, then put them in a saucepan of boiling water, add a tablespoonful of salt and boil an hour. When done, drain and chop fine, then fry them with a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, stir until thoroughly heated and serve with an egg or butter sauce.

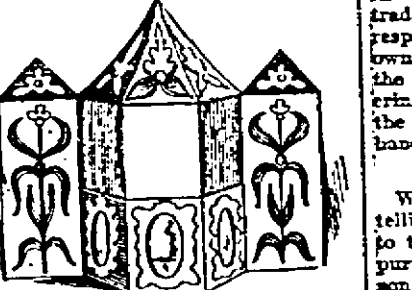
Another method of treating dandelions is to wash the leaves through several waters, then chop them into small pieces. Beat an egg, add a half cup of cream to it, stir over a fire until it thickens, then add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Drop in the dandelion and stir over the fire till they are wilted and tender.

Salads of dandelions and nasturtium blossoms are made and served exactly as one would serve lettuce. Choose the best and tenderest shoots, wash and dry them thoroughly, carefully cover them with a French dressing and serve immediately.—N. Y. Journal.

TINY GLASS CABINETS.

An Adaptation of the Popular Glass and Ribbon Box Idea.

Those who admire the glass and ribbon boxes much in vogue a few years ago will be ready to attempt some new things in that line which are now seen. These are glass cabinets. They are made of ground glass and clear glass, the panels joined by ribbons or by the



GLASS CABINET.

better and not more expensive way of having an intelligent carpenter join them with wood. Either ground or clear glass or both combined may be used. The ground glass can be decorated (the rough side being out in every case) with conventional scroll and simple landscapes in gold and aluminum paint.

Photographs may be tacked behind the clear glass, or the glass left to disclose the contents of the cabinet. Several shelves may be placed inside these cabinets, the height of these little houses or pagodas varying from 11 to 25 inches.

By cementing cut-glass jewels in the scroll work designs and gilding the woodwork a rich effect is secured.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

Bottled Milk Is More Easily Digested Than the Raw Article.

The Journal of Practical Medicine quotes several articles on the feeding of infants—a subject to the importance of which the profession has only recently awakened. Practical and every-day experience shows that when milk is boiled it is not only more easily digested, but that it has a nutritive value quite equal to the raw article. Experiments undertaken by Dr. C. Chalmers, first with kittens and afterward with infants, showed after exhaustive and repeated trials that the kittens fed on boiled milk were "twice again as fat" as those supplied with the raw milk, and that the boiling of milk is the means of preventing the loss of innumerable lives by gastro-intestinal disease. Not only so, but it is more easily digested, and agrees with a far greater percentage of cases than unboiled milk. There is ample authority for this view of the case, but certain points must be attended to, else the results will not be so favorable. First, all the vessels in which the milk is carried, boiled and afterward kept, must be scrupulously clean. Nothing else but absolute freedom from dirt will suffice. Then it should never be boiled in an open vessel; this should have a close cover. Lastly, it need not be kept at 212 degrees Fahrenheit for more than 20 minutes. This is sufficient to sterilize and cook it, and no further boiling is necessary.

Simple Cure for Headache.

An apostle of physical culture says that an excellent and never failing cure for nervous headache is the simple act of walking backward. Ten minutes is as long as is usually necessary to promote. It sometimes, however, requires more than ten minutes to walk at all if one is very "nervous." But it is not understood that it is necessary to walk a chalk line. Any kind of walking will do, provided it is backward. It is well to get into a long, narrow room, where the windows are high, and walk very slowly, placing first the ball of the foot on the floor, and then the heel. Besides curing the headache this exercise promotes a graceful carriage. A half hour's walk backward every day will do wonders toward producing a graceful gait.

Use Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists.

IS ONLY FIVE BLOCKS LONG.

Trolley Line in Chicago Which Operates But One Car.

To the average Chicagoan a trolley line unconsciously suggests great distance. His city is so big. It will surprise many, therefore, to learn that a line actually in operation in the business district, the rolling stock of which runs a trifle less than five blocks.

This line, says the Chronicle, operates on Clark street and simply runs from Washington to Illinois street. Its rolling stock consists of one car, and its operatives include one conductor and one motorman. It is run for the special benefit of South Water street merchants who live on the north side, but is safe to say not one of these men in a thousand know that such is the case. As for the general public not one person in the thousand, know of its existence. Incidentally, too, the line is operated to retain the franchise.

"We give transfers to the cable line going north," said the conductor when asked for information, "but we don't transfer to any other cars."

"Have you many passengers each day?"

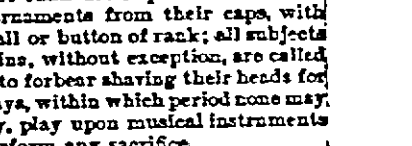
"Yes; we're crowded," he said, with a laugh. "Sometimes I get one—then again another."

The Senses in Burmah.

The new woman should take her way, to Burmah. There, travelers say, is the only place on earth where true equality between the sexes exists. In spite of this, it is claimed, no women are more womanly than the Burmese women, whose good sense enables them to see the line where they ought to stop. In the higher classes a woman has property of her own and manages it herself. In the lower classes she always has a trade and runs her business on her own responsibility, the sexes choose their own operations, and it is curious to see the men sometimes sewing or embroidering, while the women have nearly all the retail trade of the island on their hands.

Mourning for a Chinese Ruler.

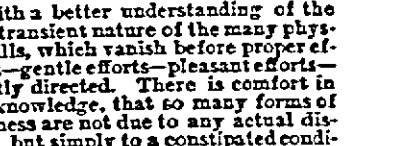
When a Chinese emperor dies the intelligence is announced by dispatches to the several provinces, written with purple ink, the mourning color. All persons of rank are required to take red silk ornaments from their caps, with the bell or button of rank; all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear shaving their heads for 100 days, within which period none may marry, play upon musical instruments or perform any sacrifice.



GLADNESS COMES

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be recommended to the most skillful physician, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



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NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PAINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

That the earth is solid right to the center, with the exception of lakes and reservoirs of molten matter below the crust, has been demonstrated by the recent researches of Lord Kelvin and other authorities.

At the seaside or in the country, where the air is clear, 1,500 microbes must be inhaled into the nose every hour, while in London the number often reaches 14,000. The organisms are caught by the nose and passed to the digestive organs, which, when in health, destroy them.

Time is valuable, but one seldom hears of much fuss being made over the thirty-six millionth part of the swing of a pendulum. It has been ascertained, however, that the pendulum in the Paris observatory varies one-third of an oscillation in 12,000,000 and a large sum of money is to be expended in correcting the error.

The paper on which letters to the queen are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever find its way into her majesty's hands. The proper method is to write on thick, glossy white paper, and to dispatch the missive in an envelope which fits it. Any folded communication never reaches the queen, for the simple reason that she won't look at it.

England is ready to build more warships, and the conviction is steadily growing that all the vessels that can be constructed will be needed before many years have passed. But the problem of securing enough bluejackets to man these ships is troubling the government. Already the lists are 20,000 men short, and in case of trouble British supremacy of the sea would be in great jeopardy for this reason.

It may not be known to the general reader that a rifle ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass through. That is to say, a ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body, and then passes out, retaining its exact line of flight if enough of its initial velocity remains.

M. DEVIC, an engineer, who has already proposed one or two grandiose plans for the Paris exposition of 1900, which have been rejected, not on their merits but on account of the cost, intends to carry out another at his own risk. It consists of a tower 400 feet high, turning upon a pivot, and making a complete rotation in an hour. The visitors seated on the tables in one of the restaurants contained in the tower will not perceive they are moving, but they will enjoy a panorama of all Paris.

The Memorial hospital of Brooklyn is conducted entirely by women, and its patients are exclusively women and children. The entire staff of physicians and surgeons are women. The hospital has passed through the experimenting stage, as it has completed its eighth successful year of work. It is supported by voluntary contributions, some of which have taken the form of real estate, to enable the institution to have a permanent and desirable home. Several circles of King's Daughters have endowed free beds.

A project for connecting the Baltic and Black seas by a water way to extend from Riga along the rivers Dwina, Berezina and Daupier to Kherson has for some time been occupying the attention of the Russian press. Were this scheme ever realized all other extensive works ever undertaken in Russia, including the Siberian railway, would be completely thrown into the shade. Such a water way would probably do more toward developing the coasting trade of the empire than any other enterprise in the country.

A medicine cup for the easy disposal of ill-tasting potions in large or small doses has recently been devised. It is also available for feeding invalids who are unable to move. By means of the pipe-shaped medicine spoon, tea, soup or other liquids can be taken while the patient is reclining. Upon the pipe bowl the quantities held are graduated, thus enabling the nurse to give the exact quantity of medicine or food required. Since this pipe spoon is made of glass it can very easily be cleaned and its aseptic qualities render it invaluable in the sick room.

ANKER is a specialty of the Baltic coast of Prussia, and the British consul at Danzig, in his last report, states that it is a monopoly worked by a firm which owns the two best mines, Palmwick and Krastepelle, and paid for the concession to the government last year a royalty of about \$72,500. It is calculated that the firm has, up to the present, paid \$1,000,000 in these royalties. Last year, in addition to the product of the mines, a good deal of amber was picked up on the beach at Pillau, in the province of East Prussia, having been washed up with the seawrack.

Providing marriage portions for poor young girls is the object of a government fund in Italy. Without a dowry it would be almost impossible for a girl to be married, and this form of charity is said to be highly appreciated. The annual sum available for this purpose, and distributed every year among the marriageable young girls, is £70,000. It is a receipt it is necessary for the applicant to prove her good reputation and character by several witnesses, to show that she has no means available, and that the young man who wishes to marry her has a trade.

MCKINLEY CHOSEN.

He Will Be the Next President of the United States.

He Carries 21 of the 45 States, and Possibly More—His Vote in the Electoral College Not Less Than 261.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—Chairman Jones formally conceded the defeat of William J. Bryan last night and made his last presidential campaign statement to the public as follows:

"The result of the presidential election is apparently no longer in doubt. It has been one of the closest contests that the people have been called on to determine in recent years. We have claimed the election on our advice from states that were admittedly in doubt, in which we knew there had been many frauds used from which there were evidences of tampering with the returns. It seems now to be apparent that, while Mr. Bryan, after making the most brilliant campaign in the history of our country, has carried most of the states claimed to be doubtful, but has not carried enough to assure his success in the electoral college. Bryan electors have been chosen in all the states south of the Potomac and Ohio, except West Virginia, and all the west of the Missouri except California and Oregon. He has 190 electoral votes, and this number may be increased by final returns from states yet in question.

Cause of the Defeat.
"Thus this remarkable campaign closes with the election of William McKinley. The result was brought about by every kind of coercion and intimidation on the part of the money power, including threats of lockouts and dismissals and impending starvation; by the employment of far more than the largest campaign fund ever used in this country; and by the subordination of a large portion of the American press. The president-elect and his party are under pledge to the American people to continue the gold standard and by its operation to restore prosperity to this country. As chief executive Mr. McKinley will have the cordial support of the millions of patriotic Americans who have cast their votes for William Jennings Bryan. They bow to the majesty of the office, and admit that the result was the work of the money power, but would have come from the money power had it been unsuccessful. They are confident the gold standard cannot give the promised prosperity, but will gladly welcome its defeat. They will continue the great struggle for the uplifting of humanity and to the maintenance of the dignity of our country in the establishment of an American monetary system. And the democratic party, aided by its present allies, will still uphold the international standard and bear it on to victory.

"JAMES K. JONES,
"Chairman of the Democratic National Committee."

The Electoral Vote.
The returns indicate that the electoral votes of the states will be cast as follows:

States.	McKinley.	Bryan.
Alabama	9	5
California	9	5
Colorado	3	3
Connecticut	7	5
Delaware	3	3
Florida	9	5
Georgia	9	5
Illinois	21	11
Indiana	13	11
Iowa	13	11
Kansas	13	11
Kentucky	13	11
Louisiana	9	5
Maine	7	5
Maryland	13	11
Massachusetts	13	11
Michigan	13	11
Minnesota	13	11
Mississippi	9	5
Missouri	13	11
Montana	3	3
Nebraska	13	11
Nevada	3	3
New Hampshire	7	5
New Jersey	13	11
New York	33	21
North Carolina	13	11
North Dakota	3	3
Ohio	21	11
Oregon	3	3
Rhode Island	3	3
South Carolina	9	5
South Dakota	3	3
Tennessee	13	11
Texas	13	11
Vermont	7	5
Virginia	13	11
Washington	3	3
West Virginia	3	3
Wisconsin	13	11
Wyoming	3	3
Totals	233	159

Necessary to choose 271.

CONGRATULATES THE VICTOR.

Mr. Bryan Sends a Telegram to the President-Elect.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 6.—At 12:30 Senator Jones' telegram to Mr. Bryan that he had given up the fight was handed to Mr. Bryan at his residence. "You may say," said Mr. Bryan to the reporters, "that the election of McKinley is conceded and that I will have a short rest soon."

Mr. Bryan had not clung to the hope held out to him by some of his enthusiastic followers and was prepared for the news. His wife, too, knew that nothing could come of the contest. "First a natural good nature came to the fore when she realized that the strain was over and she laughed and joked with those about her, while Mr. Bryan also chatted the newspaper men. Immediately after receiving Senator Jones' dispatch Mr. Bryan wrote the following dispatch:

"Hon. William McKinley, Canton, O.: Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election, and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issues to the American people and their will is law."
"WILLIAM J. BRYAN."

Mr. McKinley's Reply.
Canton, O., Nov. 6.—At noon Friday Mr. McKinley sent this telegram:

"Canton, O., Nov. 6, 1896. Hon. W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.: I acknowledge the receipt of your courteous message of congratulation with thanks and beg you will receive my best wishes for your health and happiness."
"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE DISCOURTES THE RESULT.
Canton, O., Nov. 6.—Mr. McKinley Thursday night sent the following telegram to Mr. Bryan:

"Canton, O., Nov. 6.—To Hon. M. A. Hanna, Waldorf Hotel, New York: Your telegram message announcing the result of the election has been received. I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for your great

services in the cause of "sound money" and protection throughout the campaign. They were most generous and effective and will receive the warm approbation of your countrymen everywhere. I will be pleased to have you convey to your associates of the national committee my high appreciation of their efficient services.

Due to Patriotism.
"The people in their majesty, ignoring party lines, have declared their detestation of repudiation and dishonesty. In whatever guise it may be presented, they have with the same mighty power affirmed their devotion to law and order and their undeviating respect for justice and the courts. They have maintained their unflinching determination to support and uphold the constituted authorities of the country and have thereby given new vigor and strength to our free institutions. They have, indeed, again consecrated themselves to country, and bapized the cherished ordinance of the government with a new and holy patriotism.

Victory for the Whole People.
"The victory is not to party or section, but of and for the American people. Not the least of the triumphs of the election is the obliteration of sectional lines in the republic. We have demonstrated to the world that in the eyes of the American people as well as in name, we have manifested in the great cause the spirit of fraternity and brotherhood that should always characterize our common and equal citizenship and have proven conclusively that in the eyes of equal citizens and equal opportunities the insidious doctrine of hate or of class or sectional distinctions cannot prevail. Let us as Americans straightway devote ourselves to the upbuilding of America; to the peace, the glory and the common country. Party discussions no longer divide or rack the public mind, nor the seal or temper of either side deter any citizen from patriotic devotion to the good of all."

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

MR. HANNA'S TABLE.

Republican Chairman Says McKinley Has 265 Electoral Votes.

New York, Nov. 6.—M. A. Hanna, chairman of the republican national committee, gave out the following statement at two p.m. Thursday:

"The following returns have been received to satisfy me that the following states have been carried for McKinley and Hobart without doubt:

California	13	New Jersey	13
Connecticut	7	Ohio	21
Delaware	3	Oregon	3
Florida	9	Rhode Island	3
Georgia	9	South Dakota	3
Illinois	21	Vermont	7
Indiana	13	Wisconsin	13
Iowa	13	Wyoming	3
Kansas	13	Total	265
Kentucky	13		
Louisiana	9		
Maine	7		
Maryland	13		
Massachusetts	13		
Michigan	13		
Minnesota	13		
Mississippi	9		
Missouri	13		
Montana	3		
Nebraska	13		
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire	7		
New Jersey	13		
New York	33		
North Carolina	13		
North Dakota	3		
Ohio	21		
Oregon	3		
Rhode Island	3		
South Carolina	9		
South Dakota	3		
Tennessee	13		
Texas	13		
Vermont	7		
Virginia	13		
Washington	3		
West Virginia	3		
Wisconsin	13		
Wyoming	3		

SOME LATE FIGURES.

Synopsis of Late Returns from Various States.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—From late dispatches the following results of the election are obtained:

KENTUCKY.—Republicans claim the state by from 600 to 1,000; democrats place their majority at 2,000; legislature republican.

INDIANA.—Latest official and unofficial returns place McKinley's plurality at 2,000. The republican delegation, nine republicans, four democrats. The democrats have elected Robert W. Meigs in the Second district, W. T. Zeno in the Third, William S. Holman in the Fourth and W. F. Robinson in the Fifth. The legislature is republican on joint ballot.

IOWA.—The total vote cast in the state is in excess of 50,000 votes, estimating the prohibition and Palmer votes together at only 5,000. Of these votes, 24,000 were cast for William McKinley and 26,000 for William J. Bryan, giving McKinley a plurality of 6,000. This is not only the largest vote ever cast in the state, larger than any previous vote by 7,000, but it is also the largest republican majority ever given in Iowa. Garfield's majority having been 1,000.

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WEST VIRGINIA.—Complete returns cannot be got for several days, but the republican electors have from 1,000 to 15,000 plurality and it is estimated that the state will be given to McKinley.

OHIO.—Chairman Hanna, republican state committee, says McKinley has good 22,000 to 24,000 plurality in Ohio. The republicans have in congressmen and democrats 6. McKinley has 22,000 to 24,000 plurality. There are but three counties in the state. The republicans elect a senator in Kent county, giving them control of the senate. The democrats will have a majority of one on joint ballot.

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OREGON.—Practically complete returns from all counties of Oregon except five give McKinley a plurality of 11,000.

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publican managers have closed their offices with the above declaration. Corrections and changes in three precincts not yet heard from may give the electors to either Bryan or McKinley. Republican congressmen and governor ran ahead of the electors by several hundred votes as far as heard from, and they may have safe majorities.

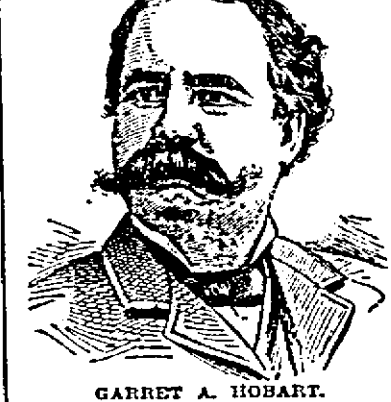
California.
San Francisco, Nov. 7.—All the precincts in California have been heard from with the exception of 12, and McKinley's plurality in the state up to date is 4,100. A loss of 700 votes during the day. The missing precincts are in remote sections and will not be heard from for several days. They cannot materially change the result, as their total vote in 1892 was only 4,245. The congressional situation is more in doubt. So far it is known that the republicans have elected three congressmen and the democrats two. The legislature will no doubt be republican in both houses.

Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Nov. 7.—Complete returns from every county in Pennsylvania show the total vote to be as follows: For president—McKinley, 271,571; Bryan, 173,963; Leavitt, 11,531; Palmer, 1,551. McKinley's plurality, 107,608. The republicans elect 27 congressmen (including congressmen at large) and the democrats 2. The democrats will elect United States senator to succeed J. Donald Cameron, whose term will expire March 4, 1897. It is divided politically as follows: Senate, republicans, 16; democrats, 4. House, republicans, 170; democrats, 34. Republican majority on joint ballot, 174.

North Dakota.
Bismarck, N. D., Nov. 6.—Complete returns have only been received from a few counties. Enough is known, however, to show that the state has gone for McKinley by at least 2,000.

New York.
New York, Nov. 5.—Corrected returns from all counties in New York state give McKinley a plurality of 107,608. The republican majority was carried by Bryan (black) (rep.), for governor, has a plurality of nearly the same as McKinley. The legislature is largely republican.

Massachusetts.
Boston, Nov. 5.—Complete returns for



GARRETT A. HOBART.

this state give the following vote: For president—McKinley, 267,771; Bryan, 168,633; Palmer, 11,531. McKinley's plurality, 107,608. The republican majority was carried by Bryan (black) (rep.), for governor, has a plurality of nearly the same as McKinley. The legislature is largely republican.

Missouri.
Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 5.—The estimated plurality for Bryan in the state is 80,000; Stephens, for governor, 40,000. Latest reports indicate the election of ten democrats and five republicans to congress. The democrats will have a majority of 30 on joint ballot in the legislature, and will elect a successor to Senator Vest.

Connecticut.
Hartford, Conn., Nov. 5.—Revised returns (unofficial) from every town in the state show that McKinley's plurality is 54,142. The republican majority on joint ballot is 107,608. The democrats will elect a successor to Senator Vest.

Rhode Island.
Providence, R. I., Nov. 5.—Returns from Rhode Island show that McKinley carried the state by a plurality that will approximate 12,000.

New Jersey.
Newark, N. J., Nov. 5.—The official canvass of the vote for presidential electors in the state of New Jersey was made Saturday. The plurality for McKinley is 17,000. The total vote was 107,608. The democrats will elect a successor to Senator Vest.

Texas.
Houston, Tex., Nov. 5.—Latest estimates place Bryan's plurality in Texas over 10,000 and Culberson's, democratic nominee for governor, 80,000. All the democratic candidates for congress are elected.

Colorado.
Denver, Colo., Nov. 5.—The returns of Tuesday show Bryan carries the state by over 100,000.

Utah.
Salt Lake City, Nov. 5.—Bryan's plurality in the state will be 4,000.

Carson, Nev., Nov. 5.—The total vote cast in Nevada amounted to 12,000, of which McKinley will receive about 1,200 and Bryan the balance.

Montana.
Butte, Mont., Nov. 5.—Full returns in Montana are not yet at hand, but McKinley has carried the state by a plurality of about 10,000. The democrats will elect a successor to Senator Vest.

Virginia.
Richmond, Va., Nov. 5.—The latest returns indicate a plurality of from 15,000 to 20,000 for Bryan.

The Carolinas.
Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 5.—National Democratic Committee Josephus Daniels says Bryan's majority in the state approximates 15,000.

Washington.
Charleston, S. C., Nov. 5.—Bryan's plurality will be about 4,000.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 5.—Bryan has carried this state by about 10,000.

Tennessee.
Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 5.—Tennessee is carried over to Bryan, but the gubernatorial election is exceedingly close between Taylor (dem.) and Tillman (rep.) Maryland.
Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5.—McKinley has carried Maryland by at least 15,000 majority. The indications also are that the state will send a solid republican delegation to the next house of representatives.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Synopsis of the Report for the Past Fiscal Year.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Down and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the classical (honors) school, and were ordained together by the Bishop of London, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town. Still single at 31, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not want Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to anyone in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know, I am only desirous to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, sermons, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with were none other than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped both of them.

"I was 25 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—I guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself, I thought I would tell Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it! Howson—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval; Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious state of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even were it a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me.

"Oh, Mr. Down, this is shocking!"

"I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir!" said the woman. "Nobody expected it."

"Whatever's the matter?" said I.

"Why haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at nine o'clock this morning."

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was: 'My poor, lovely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not even see me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that

she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been an utterly lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I, solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances: Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"You seem pleased to see me? I said.

"Yes, sir," replied No. 152. "I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not until to-morrow."

"There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor."

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one I hardly like to ask you. His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"Go on," said I; "I'll do it if possible."

"I've had a queer life, sir," said the convict. "I might have been someboddy and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy."

"I'll promise it as far as I can," said I.

"What is it?"

"It's to take care of your wife," answered No. 152. "Ah," said he, smiling, "I thought that would astonish you."

"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. "Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?"

"A great deal," said he.

"Why?"

"Because she's—my daughter!"

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly: 'Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton; I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see, I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, sir, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true."

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!"

"Please, sir, don't tell her," said he. "She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?" and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned.

"No," said I, "of course not. I am half-dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella."

"Thank God!" he said. "And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die—just one?"

"I'll try. Yes," said I, "she shall, if you'll leave it to me."

"I will! God bless you, Mr. Down."

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no few friends, told me to-day how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'"

"Certainly, my darling."

"And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did he?"

"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"

Birmingham Weekly News.

SECOND-HAND MATERIALS.

A Business Whose Growth Has Kept Pace with the Steady Growth of the City.

There never was a time when there was so much second-hand building material for sale as now, and there never was a better market for it. It might seem to one unfamiliar with the business, strolling through the yards and buildings of a large dealer, that the stuff looked old, and that it was piled up to stay there a long time; and it may be that some of the things are "shopkeepers." Second-hand building material is nevertheless a quick moving stock, as much so as the average merchandise stock, and sooner or later somebody comes and takes the slow things, too.

There are times when the market for certain kinds of materials is dull, as it might be, for instance, for some kinds of building stone, and when it would be more profitable for the dealer to take such stuff out to sea and dump it than it would be to take up room for it in his yard, holding it for a customer; but the general fact remains that there is a sale for everything that the dealer gets.

Years ago there was only one large dealer in second-hand building materials in the city. Now there are half a dozen who would buy any building and undertake to remove it within a specified time. The manner in which they come to buy the buildings is very simple: The owner of a property desiring to put up a new building engages an architect. When the plans have been approved the architect invites bids from builders for the construction of the building. The contract awarded, the builder wants the old building out of the way, and he calls on the dealer in second-hand materials for bids for its removal. Sometimes the builder pays the dealer to take the old building away; sometimes the dealer pays for the building; that depends. The owners of a church building, for example, might have to pay to have it removed. Though the church is a large structure, there might be in it comparatively little material of market value; while a building no larger, but cut up into rooms and containing many fittings, might contain much more material of value.

The dealers go through the building that is to be removed and make estimates. Taking the area and the thickness of the walls, they calculate, if it is a brick building, the number of bricks in the building. Taking into account the number of stories and the sizes of the rooms, they arrive very closely at the amount of material in floors and partitions. They take everything about the building into account, and figure on the value of the material and the cost of removing it, and make a bid. The work of estimating the value of such buildings has been reduced almost to a science; even on a very large building the bids of big dealers might not be more than \$100 or \$200 apart.

The great bulk of the second-hand building material is sold within 100 miles of the city; perhaps half of it in the city. The primary object of the purchaser is, of course, economy. The purchasers include a very wide variety of persons, including rich and poor, and the material is bought for a very great variety of uses. Among the regular customers are many builders.

The occasional buyers may want a single window or a mantelpiece or a door or a beam of a certain length. They come for all sorts of things, but varied as their wants are they can all be supplied, for one could find here material for a house, and, if he wanted, a stone sidewalk to put down in front of it, and a lamp post to stand on the edge—N. Y. Sun.

INFLUENZA AND SUICIDE.

Instances Where Self-Destruction Was the Result of Bad Colds.

A case which occurred lately at Dover, where a Scottish gentleman committed suicide, is of importance in one particular. At the inquest it was pointed out that he had not been himself since an attack of influenza two years before, and that in all probability this attack was the primary cause of the self-destruction. The importance of this fact, with regard to motives for suicide, should not be disregarded, and we are of opinion that a large number of the unexplained cases of suicide which have occurred lately are in all probability to be ascribed to post influenza cerebral changes. During the six epidemics which have spread over the country since the winter of 1899-90, a very large proportion of the population has suffered, while many of these must have developed nervous symptoms. To turn to a particular instance, a case in court not long ago depended on the question whether a man had committed suicide or not, but the fact that he had had an attack of influenza two years before was not insisted on, owing to the length of time which had elapsed between the attack and the death—just about the same time, it will be noticed, which elapsed between the attack and the suicide in the first case. Medical jurists will do well to remember that, if the actual effects of influenza, though protean, are fleeting, the after results in many are of long duration, insidious, and often of a nervous character, leading to the cerebral instability.—London Medical Press.

Seeking Freedom.

"What we have been striving for all these long years is absolute freedom of movement," said the new woman, "and it is because of that that bloomers appeal to us so forcibly."

"On that theory," put in the bald-headed man, quietly, "it makes me blush to think what your costume will be in 1910."—Chicago Post.

Gratias Agere.

Woodman—They tell me that you never get genuine victuals on the stage; that it is always imitation food which is used.

Storms (the actor)—Well, not always. We often get real eggs.—Yorkers Statesman.

A STRANGE RACE WITH FIRE.

Blazing Oil Carried on the Swift Current of a River.

"My engine was hauling an oil train. The time of year was October. We had had a long spell of dry weather, and fires were beginning to break out in the woods all over the country. That afternoon the air was lazy with smoke, and the sun went down like a ball of hot copper in the thick sky.

"About three miles above Jonesville the line crosses a shallow little river which, running through the heart of the town, supplies water power for the two big mills. The mills were at the lower end of the town, where the water falls some 30 feet into a deep ravine. At the place where the railway crossed the river the banks were steep, and the bridge was a piece of wooden trestle work.

"As we thundered down the grade leading to the bridge—which was hidden from view by a curve—we noticed that the fires were getting close to the track on both sides.

"I'll be laid if the fire gets into the bridge," said Bob Macdonald, the driver, to me, as I heard a shovel of coal into the firehole. It was dusk by this time. I looked out ahead before I answered. Then I said:

"There doesn't seem to be much fire in that direction. I reckon the bridge won't get scorched this time."

"Three minutes later we were round the curve, and in full view of the bridge. To our horror there were the vicious little blue-and-orange tongues of the fire licking away hungrily at the tall trestles.

"Down brakes!" screamed the whistle wildly. But there was no stopping that rushing mass of loaded tank cars. With what seemed to us undiminished speed we slid down the burning bridge.

"Jump for it!" yelled Macdonald. We sprang, almost together; and the brakemen behind followed our example. The speed was, of course, slackened by this time.

"End over end I went down the embankment, and fetched up in a mossy pool not ten yards from the gulch. I staggered to my feet. The engine was just crashing through the bridge. Down piled the oil cars on top of it, like so many sheep playing follow-my-leader over a fence. I remember nothing how they kicked up behind, just as sheep do, as they went over the edge. The next minute the flames were roaring up like mail. The oil had caught.

"None of the fellows was much hurt but Bob Macdonald; and he, though his arm was broken, was able to crawl up on to the track, where we huddled to watch the dreadful sight. Then a strange and terrifying thing took place. The flames ran out swiftly from the burning ruins over the top of the water, just as if the river itself was on fire. The oil was being carried down by the current.

"Great heavens!" wailed Macdonald, "the whole of Jonesville will go sure. In 30 minutes that will be a river of fire rushing through the town!"

"At these words a pang tightened around my heart. You'll smile when I tell you why. On the day before, when my train was running through Jonesville I had chanced to catch a glimpse of a little lad, with fluffy yellow curls, on the balcony of a house right by the edge of the water. The little lad had smiled and waved his hand at me, and looked after me some way, as if he was lonely and wanted to come. I carried his look with me all day. About this time I had a little lad of my own, with curls something like this one's, away east. My boy was a good deal bigger than this one; but maybe a streak of homesickness made me sort of sentimental, you know.

"Well, at those words of Macdonald's it wasn't the town I thought of, but the little lad at the window.

"I'll warn the town!" I shouted. Then I scrambled down the bank, on the side above the fire, got across the river by alternately swimming and wading, and started on the run down the track toward Jonesville.

"In those days I was a smart long-distance runner, and five miles was my pet distance. But it was one thing running on a well-made racing ground, and quite another on the irregularly placed sleepers of a railroad!"

"I should think so!" I interjected, feelingly. I had tried it more than once.

"But I tell you," continued Steeves, "I made good time. The river was swift, and those sliding flames had a big start; but in five minutes I was abreast of them. Soon I was well ahead; and then I lost them behind a turn of the bank.

"Before I reached the town my eyes felt full of blood, my heart seemed as if it would burst, but my legs could have gone on forever. The streets were lighting up. I began shouting as I ran: 'Fire! Fire!' as vigorously as my dry throat and heavier lungs would permit. There was no sign of fire to be seen, but the wondering people caught up the cry, and by the time I reached the engine house everything was ready for a start, and the firemen were looking anxiously about to see where they were wanted. I told my story; and before it was through the engine was tearing toward the water-side as fast as the horses could gallop.—Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

Not Contradicted.

"What ails you, Squidwig?" asked McSwilligen of his friend. "You look as though you had been in a fight."

"I have," replied Squidwig. "I punched Spiffin because he said I was the tallest liar he ever knew."

"That was quite right to resent such a charge. It is perfectly ridiculous. You are only about five feet six inches tall!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Henry III. of France, 1574-1593, was an expert billiard player, and his example made the game exceedingly popular in France and the courts of Europe.

CALIFORNIA WILDCATS.

Are the Largest That Grew and Flourished in Proportion.

If there is a bigger wildcat in the world than the Californian it has not yet been located. This ferocious animal is about double the size of its brother of the southwestern states, being, in fact, about the size of the western catamount. He runs from no man and if he be given his choice between eating and fighting, he fights. Afterward he eats—generally the object he has been fighting with.

This Californian wildcat is a horrible monster, about the size of a Gordon setter, with a forehead like a bull and great, round, white-gray eyes that will surely hypnotize you if you allow them to look long enough at you. A yawning mouth swims in a disgusting foamy saliva that drips and swings in slimy strings from sharp white fangs an inch long. The chemical base of this saliva is hydrophobia.

If you should happen to run across one of these feline gentry on a California mountain side and should chance to be unarmed, be careful. Don't attempt to bluff him, for you might as well attempt to bluff a man-eating tiger in the jungles of Bengal. If you menace him in any way he will leap upon your breast and tear your face into ribbons. After he has done this he will kill you. Nor run. If you do, you are doomed. He can catch you in half a dozen leaps and can climb three trees, while you are climbing one. The only thing to do is to ignore him altogether. Pretend that you don't see him. "Look cheerful," as the rural photographers say, and stroll carelessly along until you have disappeared in the forest. The chances are that he will let you alone.

Every now and then one sees one of these beasts hanging head downward on a nail in front of a game dealer's in San Francisco. The hunters kill them and send them into San Francisco for the Chinese trade. The Chinamen buy them for their heaters, which they prepare after the manner of sorcerers and rats. The Chinamen who have eaten the heart of a wildcat is supposed to possess a dare-devil courage forever afterwards and he walks among his less fortunate fellows a modern Ghengis Kahn. So where a coolie who has lost all his money gambling, or has been cozened at a bargain, or disappointed in love, feels a yearning to run amuck and kill somebody he buys a dead wildcat, if he can find one, takes a revolver and an iron bar and starts out. If it is understood that he has eaten the heart of a wildcat he has a clear field, for no Chinaman will dare face him.—St. Louis Republic.

A SHYLOCK IN PETTICOATS.

Focus as a Good Samaritan Business Among Those Evicted from Homes.

It was all so commonplace that the policeman yawned as he gazed on the oft-repeated tragedy of the streets.

"G'long there," he growled; "you'd think you never saw nothing before."

It was nothing new to see a family thrown out upon the street. The times are full of it. The landlord had been patient, very patient, before he went to the civil court and got papers of eviction. Piteous pleas of sickness and poverty had been put up to the justice and had secured a couple of postponements. But postponements cannot go on forever.

At last the thing was done. The poor little remnants of furniture left from the pawnshop had been bundled out on to the sidewalk.

And then the good samaritan arrived. It was a new kind of samaritan—a woman.

"My dears," she said to the heads of the distressed family, "you seem to be in distress. Let me help you. Do you need a little money? Come into the house. Perhaps I can find it for you."

There was a little conference inside, where the crowd could not intrude. At the end the little sharp-faced woman came out, hurriedly closing her valise with a snap as she did.

Soon the men were ordered to carry the furniture back. The shabby stuff was returned to the rooms just deserted and left in a heap on the floor. The evicted family had shelter once more.

But they had something else—a mortgage. It was an ironclad document, a cruel document, binding them by hooks of steel. For this good samaritan woman was in the good samaritan business for profit. It is a new business, comparatively—perhaps this woman herself invented it—but it has proved, as the reporter learned, a handsomely paying one.

She haunts the civil courts in order to get the names and addresses of those who will soon need her helping hand, makes her own inquiries and knows to a dot what persons she can afford to help without endangering her capital. Her profits are enormous.—N. Y. World.

Lepghorn Straw Platters.

Ladies who pride themselves upon being able to wear genuine Lepghorn hats, for which they are quite willing to pay high prices, can know little of the hardship and misery which their production entails. The straw platters are paid three pence for every 63 yards, but at this rate they can at most earn two pence a day, and many of them earn but a penny. The manufacturers complain of foreign competition and now the women have "struck," and, crying "Ab-lasse la moda" ("Down with the fashions"), they have threatened to wreck the city of Florence. They demand to work only eight hours a day and to be paid five pence each for their labor. Regiments of infantry and squadrons of cavalry were recently engaged in restoring order.—Chicago News.

Improved Modern Methods.

"You know Demosthenes used to fill his mouth with pebbles to improve his oratory."

"Of course. We have improved on that. When a man wants to improve his voice nowadays he doesn't stop at the pebbles. He uses both rock and eye."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SWADDLING CLOTHES.

They Are Still Retained in Many of the Provinces of France.

In France every mother, to whatever class she belongs, may say, in speaking of her baby's outfit: And by the weight of all the skeins I wrought I kept the measure of my loving thought; Among the broken threads serene it ran And, interrupted oft, anew began.

I know nothing more perfectly French than this little piece of humble and exquisite poetry, showing the stitches that keep a dream imprisoned so purely in snowy linen; nothing more motherly than the last wish of the careful embroiderer, who bids a bird building its nest pick up bits fallen from the finished work, and mix them with its own materials, so as to keep and protect the impatient wing that is growing. That growing wing is threatened with many an embroidered and lacerated bond both in the present and in the future, yet less hedged in than in the past, since people have begun to bring up their children more according to English notions.

The swaddling-clothes are no longer as tight-fitting as a sheath; the cap which covered the bald little head, and formed it so prettily with its ruche, has been given up; the lace pillow for the rolling head to rest on has been banished; yet, in spite of all this, the infant in the early stages of its life is a sort of bundle, very much like a bolster, from which two arms and a wrinkled little face protrude. The advantage of this system is that the child is very easy to handle; but it has its critics, who maintain that the natural condition of the spinal column is not a straight and stiff line.

Paris has made many concessions, and the swaddling is less rigid; but the provinces have not followed suit, while in the country everywhere new-born infants are tied up as hard and fast as ever. In the south of France they go to the length of putting this papoose in the bottom of a basket, where it is kept in place by strong bands passed zigzag from head to foot. This is how we prepare our sons for making use of their liberty. However, leading-strings have been given up; that is one step towards progress. Twenty years ago they were still considered indispensable—at least, country people thought so—and there was no end to their intricacies.

It is quite remarkable that swaddling-cases, bands and various other fetters are the only essentially French contributions that have ever been made to a baby's equipment. Although fashions in general have for centuries been promulgated in France, clothing everyone a la Française, yet the fertile imagination which could do this stopped short at children's clothes. Look at the paintings and engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and see the little creatures who, as soon as they gave up their plumed bouffettes and long tulle aprons over a blue or pink dress, against which a jewel hung instead of a teething-ring, had to wear uncomfortable costumes, the miniature reproductions of their parents' clothes. Little girls, particularly, were put into wheeled bodices and sumptuous robes, which necessitated lessons in deportment to be properly worn, and consequently the dancing-master was one of the first professors employed.

It needed the revolution of simplicity brought about by the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau before children could be comfortably clothed—girls in muslin slips and barefooted shoes, boys in short jackets borrowed from English styles. Ever since then we have followed English fashions for our children, and now America lays down the law, with its blouses; its quilted, somewhat oldish winter coats reaching to the ankles; its pretty Puritan caps trimmed with fur, a thousand times preferable to the immense, caricature-like bonnets copied after Kate Greenaway.

But I am anticipating; we are still at the swaddled infant's long cloak. In every Catholic family infants are consecrated to wear white; that is to say, placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin by a vow which does not permit the child to wear any colors but blue and white, those of the patron saint, for a fixed period, usually a year or two, sometimes longer in the case of a girl. This must be some remnant of chivalrous times, of service proffered by a knight for his lady when he wore her colors, for it is not, properly speaking, a religious tradition.—Th. Denton, in Century.

THE FUNCTION OF HAIR.

It Serves to Protect the Tender Parts of the Body.

A highly interesting paper on "The Function of Hair" has been read by Prof. Exner at a meeting of the Medical society. He said that writers have hitherto occupied themselves mainly with speculations on the circumstances which have led to man becoming denuded of his hairy covering. The hairs, however, are not only degenerated organs, but have also to fulfill some functions. There is a group, such as the eyelashes and the eyebrows, for instance, which are sensory organs, possessing tactile functions, and, moreover, serve as a protection to the eyes. In places where two integumentary surfaces are in contact . . . they act as rollers and facilitate the gliding of the integumentary surfaces on each other. A third function of the hairs consists in the equalization of surface temperature. There is no doubt that the hair of the scalp protects the head against external cold and also prevents the loss of heat through the very low thermal conductivity of the hair cylinders and of the cushion of air intermingled with them.—Vienna Cor. London Lancet.

Health Foods.

Hobbs—Hello, old man! What makes you look so thin?

Cobbs—Been living on health foods for six months.—Washington Times.

Breathes there a Man with Soul so dead

That he cannot appreciate the kind of clothing we sell? We think not. Almost every man thinks the best is good enough, especially when the best is the cheapest. Every man who want a new suit or overcoat (and what man does not?) will find at the Cash Department Store a better selection, a better fit, better styles of clothes and more patterns to pick from than he can find in any place in the city—tailor shop or clothing store.

A Good Suit at a Low Price

An extra fine all-wool clay worsted, black and blue, made up in the proper fall styles, trimmed and finished in a substantial manner and absolutely unequalled anywhere for less than \$15.00, our price.

\$10.00.

Men's Imported Scotch Suits

Very fine and Absolutely guaranteed not to fade. Made in strict accordance with the latest fashions, regular lengths all sizes from 36 to 42, a quality that other stores would charge you at least \$15.00 for we are now in a position to offer at the very low price of

\$10.00.

We also offer this week a line of Cheviot Suits

The line is complete in every way and comprises men's handsome tobacco brown patterns, also some very choice grey cheviot, made in single and double breasted sack style lined with best of farmers' satin and excellently trimmed throughout. Any other store would be proud to be able to sell them at \$12 and \$15; our price for this lot only

\$10.00.

Cash Dep't Store

312, 314, 316 Brown Street.

RHINELANDER.

We acknowledge no competition. The simple, plain talk of the almighty dollar is our great argument.



(CONTINUED)

"Tom, I think I'll take a run up country and have a bit of a visit with mother. It's going on three years now since I had a sight of her blessed face, and if I can't take advantage of this breeze it may be three years more."

"By all means, Ralph—by all means," was his ready reply, "and I'll send her a new dress and my love along with you. You can have a couple of weeks on your ground, and if the Lord spurs your life to get back, you'll likely be the better for it, though I've known of plenty of cases where even a week in the country was the spoiling of a good sailor man."

That's the way, may it please the reader, I happened to arrive at the town of Dudley on the day before the events recorded in the chapter that has gone before. My old mother had lived there for nigh upon 20 years, wife and widow, and you'll excuse me for saying I am proud to declare that it was my money, earned by hard knocks at sea, which gave her the little home and kept the pot boiling. If it wasn't the popular belief, which is all wrong, that no sailor man ever makes good use of a dollar, I shouldn't have made the above statement.

I arrived in Dudley in the morning. Along about 8 o'clock in the evening word came to me that some of my old friends had gathered at the Dudley inn not far away and on the banks of the Severn to drink a cup and have a chat with me, and I went over. I found Tom Vance, Jerry Simpson, John Wakefield and two or three more—all old chums, and some of them sailors who had given up going to sea. With chat and cup and story the time fled rapidly away, and the first we knew it had gone four bell-which signifies 12 o'clock. It was a little later, and I was about to take my departure, when Jerry Simpson, who had lost an arm a year before and who lived in a cabin across the river, speaks up and says:

"Come, now, but who is to take one of the shifts at the landing and set me across at my door?"

"It's me that'll be glad to set you over," I replied to his words. And presently we went down and got aboard of one of the small craft drawn up on the bank.

The Severn is but a small stream at that point, and I seen that old Jerry safe on the far shore. It was a quiet night, with never a soul abroad, and as I pulled out after bidding my old friends good night and seeing him disappear in the darkness I rowed up the stream a few rods and then let the boat drift back. I can't say why I did this, except that the solemn stillness of the night gave me a rather serious turn, and I felt that I wanted to be by myself for a bit before going home.

Crash! Bump! Smash! A boat had run into me as I was drifting and missing. It was being pulled so fast that it stove a great hole in the port bow of my skiff, and the water rushed in on me as I lay sprawling on the bottom boards. However, I was up like a meek, and as my skiff filled I leaped into the craft which had brought about the collision. Everything happened inside of 10 or 15 seconds. When the man who was rowing, and so had his back to me, looked over his shoulder, I was seated in the bow of his boat, and mine was waterlogged.

"Course you are an idiot, but why did you run into my craft?" he gasped at me as he slowed himself around on the thwart.

"But it was you who ran into me, sir," I replied, feeling no anger whatever.

"It's a lie! I'm a mind to give you a taste of this stool! Come, now, as you came aboard of your own accord, you can leave on the same terms. Out you go!"

"Don't be so fast, my friend," I replied, astonished and nettled that he should be so peevish at the outset. "Doubtless the blame should be shared by both. I'll have to pay for that craft, while yours seems to be all right. Don't talk of knocking a man or driving him overboard because of a bit of accident."

"Out you go!" he hissed after a long look at me, and what did the villain do but flash his knife and begin to advance upon me!

It would have only been a wet jacket to have gone overboard, but he had taken me wrong, you see. All men have a pride about these things. Argument is all right, but to attempt to drive them is a different matter. However, as he was armed with a knife and I had nothing, I expect I should have taken to the water but for the lack of finding a broken car at my feet. I had a firm grasp of it quicker than I can tell you, and I warned the man, whose face I could only outline in the darkness, near as he was, to advance at his peril. He was more reckless than brave. Steadying himself for a few seconds, with his feet wide apart, he was about to make a dash at me when I brought the car down upon his head, and he fell like a log.

I was a bit upset by what had occurred, as stands to reason, but I presently figured that the best way was to take the car and pull up to the inn and see how badly the fellow was hurt. Old John Hampton, who had kept the place since I was a boy in knee pants, was just turning out the lights when I entered and told him what had happened.

"Bless my blooming soul, but who can

it be!" exclaimed the old man as he walked down to the skiff with me. "I didn't know we had such a peevish fellow in the country hereabouts. You served him right, Ralph, but I hope you didn't strike too hard, you know. Not that any of us would blame you even if you laid him dead, but because the corner and police would make you no end of bother. Here we are, and there lies your man as quiet as a mouse. We'll catch him creep and heels and up to the inn with him."

He was a stoutly built chap, and as his body was dead weight we had a good pull for it to get him up to the house and stretched out on his back. Then Uncle John brought a candle and knelt down to have a look at him. It wasn't five seconds before he lifted his hands and called to me:

"Why, Ralph, there is a curious bit of business. Upon my word, but I know him as well as my own doorstep. It's a young man named Ben Johnson, and he's living with a widowed sister at the upper side of the town."

"That's all right as to who he is, but how bad is he hurt?" I asked.

"I'm no doctor, and I can't say. Here's a gash in his scalp and plenty of blood flowing, and I take that as a sign he isn't dead yet. Ah, see him shiver! He's coming to, but a sip of whisky will make it easier for him."

So fiercely had the man clutched the handle of his knife that the weapon was still in his hand. While Uncle John was after the liquor I gripped the fingers open and released the knife and laid it on a shelf. About a minute after the liquor had run down his throat, the fellow opened his eyes and glared about. In another 60 seconds he sat up, stared hard at me and fiercely muttered:

"Yes, I remember now. Some one ran into me on the river and then tried to kill me."

"Look here, Ben Johnson, and I believe that's the name you answer to," said Uncle John. "What sort of fish do you call this? Seems to me you are a bit too ready with your knife for this locality. Is it your play to knife a man first and then inquire about what's happened?"

"Who are you?" blantly inquired Johnson as he turned to me.

"Ralph Tompkins, sir, whether it pleases you or no. You keep saying that some one ran into you. It was exactly the other way. My boat was drifting, while you must have been in a great hurry to have smashed into her as you did."

"I say you are a liar!" he shouted. "Come, man, that's going beyond reason," put in Uncle John. "If you were on your feet, I wouldn't take that from you myself, old as I am. Let me wash off the blood, bind up your head, and do you go home and recover your good nature."

The man was still weak and dazed, but I never saw an uglier face even on a Malay pirate. He got up after a bit, waving us away when we would have assisted him, and backing up to one of the barroom tables to get a support, he looked at me as if he would stamp my face on his memory forever and finally said:

"Tompkins or Thompson, I never saw you before, but I'll take good care not to lose sight of you from this time on. You played me a trick tonight which shall cost you your life."

"Why, man, what's come over your blooming character all at once?" exclaimed the landlord as he advanced a step or two. "I've heard of your being jailed for poaching, and there is them as has pointed you out for an idler and a mischief maker, but I never suspected you had the bloody temper of a Kaffir. If that's your little game, then it will be well to drop a line to the police to have an eye on you."

At that moment, and while the man was opening and closing the fingers of his right hand as if feeling for the knife I had taken away, footsteps were heard outside, and next instant three police officers entered the bar. Johnson made a rush for the door as they appeared, and had he possessed the knife it would have gone hand in glove with one of the trio as they piled on to him and struggled with him on the floor. But as he was unarmed and still weak, they had him fast in a minute, and then one of them cried out:

"It's the greatest stroke of luck we ever had. I thought he was five miles away by this hour. What's the meaning of all this blood, Uncle John, and what's been going on hereabouts?"

"Is the man charged?" cautiously asked the landlord.

"Aye, the worst sort of a charge—murder!"

"Bless my blooming soul, but he's killed a man, has he?"

"No, a woman—Lady Dudley."

"It's a lie!" shouted the prisoner.

"It's simply another move to drive me out of the country."

They carried him off to the police station without further ado, but saying they would return to gather additional particulars. If it hadn't been for Uncle John's advice, I should have put my foot in it by making a bolt for Liverpool without loss of time. If murder had been done, I had practically captured the murderer and would be held as a witness and put to one of the best of the country.

Indeed I would be lucky to get back to the Hilda and out to sea in a long six months. I had a sailor's horror of the law, and my first impulse was to up

anchor and send for it. It was the cool-headed old man who forced me to sit



"You played me a trick tonight," that such a step would bring me into serious trouble, and I have thanked God a thousand times that I had the sense to listen and obey. You will presently see that it was bad enough even with my staying.

Two of the policemen returned in about half an hour to pump us for details. I told my story as straight and truthful as any honest man could, keeping nothing back, and a part of it was of course corroborated by Uncle John. I have no doubt the police believed all our statements, as there was nothing requiring a stretch of the imagination, but when I had been pumped out the sergeant dryly observed:

"You can, no doubt, manage to prove all you say, but I shall have to look you up as a witness until you can find bail. It looks as if you were to be the main witness in the case, which is due to create a great sensation."

I protested and argued, but he cut me short with a curt "Come along, sir," and some time between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning I found myself in a prison cell for the first time in my life. As I sat on the hard bench to figure a bit on the situation I was unable to glean much consolation. Being a sailor man and without any fixed habitation, heavy bonds would be required for my appearance when wanted. Who was to furnish them? All my old chums put together could not have qualified for £500. There was only the hope that they might have so many other witnesses that my testimony would not be required. The sergeant had told us that Lady Dudley had been murdered by a burglar whom she discovered in her room about midnight, but had given few details. However, things cannot be bettered by worriment, and by and by I laid down on the bench and fell asleep, and for four hours I slept as well as I ever did on shipboard. Then I was awakened by an officer, who ordered me to follow him into a room in which half a dozen people were waiting for us. I may tell you here that one was Lord Dudley, a second Uncle John Hampton, and a third, fourth and fifth were messengers from the castle. It was the chief of police who took me in hand and began:

"Now, prisoner, we will hear your story as you told it last night. It is my duty to warn you that anything you may let drop tending to criminate yourself will be used against you on trial."

"But what am I to be tried for, sir?" I promptly demanded, being greatly amazed at his language.

"You are charged with being an accessory to the murder of Lady Dudley. Here is the warrant for your arrest. Go on with your story, or perhaps you'll decide not to talk."

"He, helping to murder Lady Dudley?" groaned Uncle John, while I stood like a man turned to stone. "Why, gents, I hope that none of you have gone crazy. How could he have been a sharer in that horrid crime when he was in my house from soon after 8 o'clock till after midnight without leaving his chair?"

"You are not here to ask questions or give advice," cautioned the chief, flaring up in his temper at the word.

"Does my blooming heart, of course not, but you'll only cover yourselves with confusion if you go on this way."

"Do you recognize the man, my lord?" asked the chief of the great man.

"I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

The same question was asked of the servants, but here a singular trait of human nature showed itself. They felt that it would be a great consolation to their lordship and the police if the guilty parties were caught and punished, and so the whole three hesitated and stammered and finally concluded that they had seen me in the company of Ben Johnson several times during the past fortnight. Uncle John saw the chief's private secretary taking down everything said, but instead of protesting he gave me a wink which decided me not to tell my story over again.

"Who says this man had a hand in that murder?" asked the landlord as the chief wanted to know if I desired to talk.

"His pal has confessed and given him away."

"Do you mean that Ben Johnson says Ralph Tompkins was in it with him?"

"I do. He says this man acted as his lookout on the outside, and that he is really the one who put up the job."

"Well, of all the blinding, blooming, blooming stories I ever heard this do beat 'em all!" exclaimed Uncle John as he struck his fist on a table.

Ben Johnson had made a clean breast of it and had declared that Mary, the maid, and your humble servant were as guilty as himself. He was getting even with me sooner than he had hoped to.

CHAPTER III.

"GUILTY" AND "NOT GUILTY."

The first thing the police of any country do when a murder has been committed is to find a prisoner, and they always assume that whoever they happen to lay hands on must be guilty

because they have got him. The officers were not so far out of the way in holding her ladyship's maid for examination, for all circumstances were against her, but in my case one hour's intelligent work by a detective ought to have set me at liberty. My mother, Uncle John Hampton, Jerry Simpson and others could account for every minute of my time since landing in Dudley. At the hour the murder was committed I was in the company of five or six men, all of whom were law abiding and honest.

I say that it would have been easy enough for the police to satisfy themselves that I was an innocent man, but they never took to clear a man. On the contrary, they bent their energies to prove or to try to prove the guilt of the one arrested. Uncle John was reprimanded for expressing his astonishment, and his offers of assistance to help prove my innocence were promptly refused. I was pretty well satisfied that Lord Dudley himself doubted my complicity, but the police had the case, and it was not for him to interfere.

It was not until after the funeral of Lady Dudley that I was taken to court for examination. Being only a sailor man, and never having had to do with law before except to make affidavit, I own that I was fairly upset and could not plan what to do. Uncle John and mother fixed it, however. They sent me in a lawyer, telegraphed to Liverpool for Captain Clark and got all my witnesses together. I came very near having a row with the lawyer before he had been in my cell five minutes. As soon as he had introduced himself he led off with:

"I am glad to be able to tell you that it was not a murder out of hand, but that Lady Dudley came to her death by a shock. There is no evidence that Ben Johnson laid a finger on her."

"But what have I to do with that?" I asked by way of reply.

"It is necessary, if I take your case, that we have an understanding," he said after giving me a searching look.

"I am agreeable to that. I hope you didn't come here believing me a guilty man?"

"Johnson persists in his declarations, and the police evidently believe they have a good case against you."

"Johnson and the police to hang, and you on top of them. If you haven't more sense than the men who locked me up here, I want nothing to do with you."

"What will be our line of defense?" he calmly asked, paying no attention to my temper.

"Why, that I had no more to do with it than the chief of police himself."

"We shall have witnesses to prove an alibi, then?"

"Of course we shall. We will prove the hour I left Liverpool and my whereabouts during every hour afterward."

I gave him my story, and when I had finished he rubbed his hands and smiled and said:

"Really, now, but this does me good. I was prepared for a hard struggle before the courts, and here our case is already won. Half a day's work will get our case in proper shape."

My story which had floated away down stream, but was recovered. The one which had run into me was carefully lifted aside. The spot where Johnson's head had rested on the inn floor had been stained with his blood, and Uncle John would not allow it to be washed away. It seemed like turning your hand over to establish an alibi and prove my innocence to the satisfaction of everybody. Indeed, Uncle John and others declared with much feeling that if Lord Dudley did not present me with at least £500 for catching the murderer he was not the man to retain their respect. Some even went so far as to promise that the chief of police would apologize to me in public.

Perhaps I should have stated in the preceding chapter that the full name of her ladyship's maid was Mary Williams, and that she was the daughter of a small farmer a few miles away. She had been in the family so long and had been found so faithful that I am sure Lord Dudley would never have doubted her innocence but for the police. Neither do I think the police altogether astray. Had it been any other man than Ben Johnson, her lover, they would not have reasoned as they did. In the goodness of her heart the girl had insisted on attending her ladyship that night, and in the light of subsequent events that was a point against her. Some of the servants also confidently remembered of having heard her talk about America and wish for a life of ease, and that was put down as evidence.

However, after the shock of the affair had worn off a bit the girl made a rally and showed her spirit. Feeling herself to be perfectly innocent save her great strength. I have always believed that it was Lord Dudley himself who engaged a lawyer to defend her and hunted out the points in her favor, and it was something greatly to his credit. Ben Johnson was furious with the girl because she had baffled him and furious with me because I had brought about his capture. He was not an educated man, but he was gifted with powerful assurance and natural cunning, and he completely deceived his lawyer and the police and general public. He admitted threatening Lady Dudley with the knife, no doubt, it wouldn't be a hanging offense. He might be transported for life, but his lawyer hoped to get him off with 15 or 20 years. His accessories might escape with a shorter period.

(To be continued.)

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The Coming Gown.
If there's one thing more certain than another about the coming gown, it is that it will be trimmed. Not just skirts alone, nor yet just bodice alone, but both will be heavily, richly and elaborately burdened with every sort of trimming. Is it that fashion, deprived of her beloved big sleeves, must have some other outlet and find it in frills and fluffery? From present indications it seems likely that plain skirts—skirts, that is to say, unembellished by ruffles or bands or tucks or even a slight drapey—will soon have disappeared from mortal view. As for bodices, well, sleeves may be close fitted. But what of the multitudinous flounces and shirrings and gatherings and drapings? Surely nothing short of "in full rail" describes them.

Embroidery is the most imperative detail of the coming gown. Have your new fall frock embroidered in bowerly insignificant a way, and you will have given it a stamp that may not, it is true, by right belong to it, but which will mean "from Paris." And most impressive of all, it will mean that your new fall frock will cost "a sight" more than it would unembroidered. The present tendency to trimming altogether, indeed, means that. People may talk about the easiness of simplicity and the price you have to pay for exquisite plainness, but as a matter of fact that sort of thing doesn't really "come near as high" as the velvets, silks, passementerie, embroidery and other delectable devices for wheeling pence out of pockets that the present season is so industriously planning.—New York Sun.

Circuit Court, Oneida County.

KATE FIER, Plaintiff.

R. R. LANGDON and THE MINNESOTA LOAN & TRUST CO. (a corporation),

Trustees of THE MINNESOTA LOAN & TRUST CO. (a corporation),

Defendants.

The State of Wisconsin to the said Defendant and each of them:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service and defend the estate entitled action in the court above said, and in case of your failure to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

HARVEY L. HILL, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, 102 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

N. R. The original summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the clerk of this said court, Sept. 22, 1906, and are now on file therein.

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